

My Little Cowboy

Words and Music by Steve Smith (Kermit Stephen Smith) ASCAP

He's my little cowboy, my little cowboy
Riding the range in his boots and his hat
Roping the "doggies", toting his six gun
As he chases the bad guys, 'til it's time for his nap

But you better not call it a nap, it's called "shut eye"
And you gotta sleep with your hat pulled down over your face
He says cowboys never ever wear pajamas
And you need to keep one eye open, just in case

And then he finally goes off to sleep, and dreams of horses
How someday he'll have a real horse of his own
And he promises to take real good care of him
And even let him stay on the bottom bunk in his room

He's my little cowboy, my little cowboy
Riding the range in his boots and his hat
Roping the "doggies", toting his six gun
As he chases the bad guys, 'til it's time for his nap

And if you can't have a real live horse, well, there's always daddy
Naw, he don't move all that fast, but he'll get you around
But it's awful hard explaining to your daddy
(That a) cowboy's horse never gets tired, and has to lay down

And mommies don't understand a whole lot of things about cowboys
Well like, they never have to brush their teeth before they go to bed
Naw, they just ride their horses and do whatever they want to
Not one of them ever eats peas or has to be fed

He's my little cowboy, my little cowboy
Riding the range in his boots and his hat
Roping the "doggies", toting his six gun
As he chases the bad guys, 'til it's time for his nap
Oh yeah Mommy, one more thing . . . cowboys never take naps!